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E

Badly Needed—New associate professor in German. Apply to the Professor or W. D. Evans.

The Evening Blast

PROBS—Dry and sultry at first, becoming breezy, and a trifle raw, with frequent Blasts.

Blast You, My Children

VOL.—unlimited,

TORONTO, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26th, 1915.

PRICE—cheap at any.

SINFUL SPECTACLE SENSATIONAL SUCCESS

'SATAN AGONISTES' SOME SHOW

Choruses of impudent imps
Sapheaded simps and
Nifty nymphs

"There was a sound of devilry
by night"

On Friday afternoon, a special train of thirty-nine cars containing the paraphernalia of the mammoth musical masque, "Satan Agonistes", whizzed into the New Union Station. The cast descended, boarded jitneys, and were whirled along Yonge St. toward their destination, Convocation Hall. Traffic was held up for several minutes before every saloon, the chorus girls meanwhile causing a diversion by performing a little song and dance on the back seats of their chariots. When they finally reached the University, the company caused some embarrassment by phis using to eat at the dining-hall. They finally secured accommodation at the Waverleg, and cleaned up everything in sight, including the silverware.

"Satan Agonistes," is a perspiring optical delusion, and its name is writ large in the police records of the Universe. It contains what is alleged to be a plot, but is more like a deliberate crime; it is certainly quite unlike the ordinary common or garden plot. No attempt whatever is made to preserve any kind of unity. The value of the piece lies in its spontaneity, originality, and transcendent preposterousness. "Bonum quia absurdum". Frenzied fiends, dainty damsels, and uproarious undergraduates compose the choruses and do their best to make the performance a howling success.

Continued on page 4.

TO THE DINING-HALL

The cold potatoes, and the milk that's sour,
The stew and prunes that make the students rave,
Display alike the dietitian's power—
Miss Riley's banquets lead but to the grave.

EPITAPH

Here lie their rotting bones beneath the earth,
Victims of indigestion and ptomaine,
Butchered to give the cruel waiters mirth,
To satisfy the Bursar's greed for gain

"SATAN AGONISTES"

A Musical Agony in a Prologue and Three Acts. Book and Lyries by R. D. Tannahill, G. C. Haddow and T. H. Jameson.

Music freely adapted from Bach, Beethoven and Brahms.

Cast.

Satan.....W. D. Evans
Moreece.....H. C. Buchanan
Algernon Sunburned Soop..H. W. Cavell
Paul Maull.....D. A. MacRae
Percy Tolcum-Nearkist..L. C. R. Batten
Izzy A. Knutt.....M. E. J. Stalker
Billy Kenn.....A. W. Kennedy
Noah Good.....W. R. Slee
Isa De Ville.....A. R. Stinson
Reggie Starr.....S. D. Gardiner
Peruna Alcohol.....G. C. Haddow
Castoria Nestle.....T. H. Jameson
Ella Fant.....J. Leonard
Iona Ford.....E. F. Sanders
Polly Wang.....F. Soward
Cecie Alagrace.....E. W. Clairmont
Annie Mossity.....N. McMurray
Mabel Budd.....G. Laughton
Diana Sweet.....J. Kingsburgh

ROARING RIOT

RUFFIANLY ROWDIES RAVE, RAGE
AND RAISE RUCTIONS

CONFUSION AND CHAOS

Peace Parliament Precipitates

Bloody Battles and Broken Bones

News of Our Stewed Soldiers

The treasurers of the classes of 1T6 and 1T7 for the past year, have left for the ar. Hence the policy of retrenchment in the upper years.

Douglas MacKenzie, the popular member of the class of 1T7, who enlisted last January, is over in France. He writes that he now has a little Douglas of his own. No, not what you think—it's only a motor cycle.

General Proctor, the two foot five inch wonder, who is a lineal descendant of the General who ran away at Moraviantown, has become attached to the C.O.T.C. and will prove a valuable acquisition.

It's up to every man to bawl out Hughie Ried to-night when he marches in with a queen on his arm!

Red Gurofsky is a wonderful football player. He tackled a man once.

At eight p.m. sharp, the doors of Convocation Hall were thrown violently open, and to the tune of "The Protestant Boys" the delegates to the International Peace Congress, headed by M. de Champ and followed by an angry mob, fought their way in.

The opening session of the Congress was marked by disturbance, disunion, disaffection, and dissension; the delegates were also marked and in some cases badly disfigured by dozens of door-knobs, dust-pans, and dum-dums, freely donated by the participating parties. Few of the representatives were missing; the majority lay dead or severely wounded under the table, many members being completely dismembered. The German Chancellor roamed round vociferating about a scrap of paper; he got the scrap he was looking for. The Kaiser caused a sensation when he spat at the Primed Minister; but that was only one of the Kaiser's numerous spats. Wilhelm's Joy Bryan was overwhelmed with flattering compliments and flattening implements; Woodrow Wilson declared that his (Bryan's) face was the handsomest he had ever struck.

The arguments advanced were entirely irrelevant and in many cases irreverent; they abounded in increpitant and inchoate inconsistencies, but, as nobody paid any attention to anyone else, all were happy.

The gang of gunmen fell to as follows: Want Everything Smith, F.O.R.D.

Member for Tires and Tins.

Robust Boy Pritchard, B.R.Y.A.N.

Minister of Greed and Grape-Juice.

Ever Loquacious Biggar, H.U.G.H.E.S.

Minister of Maliciousness.

Helpless Beggar Ganton, M.A.V.O.R.

Member for Russia.

Fat-face Jellyfish Flynn, R.O.N.G.

Member for Oxford.

Justa Joke Glass, V.O.N. T.U.R.N.I.P.S.

Minister of Scraps and Scrapheaps.

Joyous Devil Pearlstein, C.H.U.R.C.H.

Member for Toronto (worse luck).

Continued on page 4.



COLLEGE LIFE

A drama in four acts—sometimes more.

THE EVENING BLAST

An organ without an organ-grinder. A semireligious journal erupting occasionally as a supplement to the Women's Home Companion, for the uplift of the professors, the uproar of the undergraduates, and the upkeep of the editorial staff.

Patronesses: Miss Psalter, E. J. Kylie, Miss Riley.

Editor-in-chief: "Scotty".

Associate editors: Lord Northcliffe, Ferdinand of Burglaria.

Censors: F. R. Stair, Rev. J. Cockburn.

Sporting editor: General Von Bissing.

Society editor: General Smuts.

Military editor: Henry Ford.

War Correspondents: Matt and Jeff, (Argonne) Armand Laverne, (Won'tgo.)

Representative for Queen's Hall: Gertrude A. B. Fennell.

Aye witless: Dr. Satterly.

Mess. (Boy): C. N. Cochrane.

Devils: Professor Wrong, Professor McLennan.

Office-boy: Jas. Brebner.

The "Blast" will change your Blues to Bliss.

HE WHO BLASTS LAST, BLASTS BEST

Something is the matter with our decaying contemporary, *The Varsity*, and it is for the BLAST, which never shirks a painful duty, to root out the defect, and to provide a remedy. It is a rather hard and cruel task to criticize *The Varsity*; faults are only too evident, and every injudicious knock finds a weak spot, and hurts. Impelled, however, by a high sense of obligation to the public, and undeterred by any pity for our unworthy friend Arthur Roy Willmott, we shall proceed and spare not.

In the first place, the scurrilous rag is characterized by an impenetrable obtuseness, and an entire lack of appreciation of any but the most obvious and puerile form of wit; it is a haven of journalistic Junkerism, and, except for the staff in Chemistry, the sole shrine of Teutonic stupidity in the University. Irresoluteness and conservatism mark its attitude to external affairs, prejudice and irresponsibility its editorials; pusillanimity, fatuity, and unadulterated asininity pervade the whole of the trivial sheet. By including in its columns every week an advertisement for a notorious down-town theatre, it tends to subvert what there is of morality among the undergraduates, and proves its own venality and susceptibility to corrupting cash.

The staff is composed of all the worthless leavings and sweepings of the University; indifferent and incapable newsmongers from the various faculties; cast-offs from down-town papers; conspicuous dubs who have failed to make a standing in any special course; in short, a conglomeration of those unfitted for any more important sphere of undergraduate activity. Like melancholy hypochondriacs who, fearful lest some germ invade their wretched systems, boil, shred, and dose with noxious drugs their food till all taste and nutriment has vanished, and only then permit the nauseating mess

CHARLIE COCHRANE HERE TO-DAY

IN ONE REAL COMEDY

Entitled "All Alone"
or
"The Girl Who Graduated"

This, the latest release of the Classic El-Ko. Co., is one of the most excruciating farces yet produced, featuring the world renowned, one might almost say, classic comedian, just as you have all seen him, moustache, cigarette, cane, et al. However through it all runs a picturesque love story full of pathos (bathos), which lifts the film out of the rut of ordinary farce comedy. In this picture the star has been given an opportunity to display his wonderful emotional ability; he plays the part of the injured lover with the ease which comes only from long experience.

"SATAN AGONISTES" (Contd.)

The Satanic Somefunny Orchestra.

Conductor—H. L. Tracy.

Pianist—H. Orr.

1st Violin—H. G. Fox, C. K. Duff, C. E. Dyer.

2nd Violins—W. Haddow, C. M. Willey, W. A. Smelser.

Clarinet—G. F. Tracy.

Cornet—H. L. Sauer.

Drums—J. H. Rogers.

Trombone—F. W. Curtis.

Miss Viol—H. L. Tracy.

Stage Manager—R. D. Tannahill.

Overture—Hell music (composed by H. Tracy).

Prologue—HELL.

1. "Down in Hades".... Chorus of Imps
2. "Hail, Hail"..... Satan and Chorus
3. "How our Hearts".... Satan and Chorus

ACT I.

The Undergraduates' Union.

1. "O Toronto".... Moreece and Chorus of Undergraduates.
2. "O Peruna".... Moreece and Chorus of Undergraduates.
3. "Peruna's Come to College"..... Moreece and Chorus.

We are delighted to hear that one of our fourth year men has fallen a prey to the wiles of a charming young maid who devotedly nursed him through the exams. of last spring. Keep it dark; it was L. C. R. Batten and he's sensitive.

to be dished up,—so the pallid editors of this unreliable rubbish-heap, if perchance some morsel of live news or some snappy, vivid paragraph finds its way into their gloomy den, seize it and macerate it and only after they have rendered it vacuous and sterile, void of life and interest, do they consider it fit to adorn the dismal columns of their vile screed.

The only effectual remedy we can suggest is to permit the capable editorial staff of THE BLAST to assume control of *The Varsity*, to rejuvenate and revivify it—as it is now, it has degenerated into a mere refuge for refuse and an asylum for the inane.

DISGRACEFUL ORGY AT U.C. STAGGER NIGHT LADIES ENTERTAIN

Crazy Costumes and
Spectacular Stunts
Feature Hilarious Henparty
Helled in the Beanery

On Friday evening Nov. 40th, at 5-15, the BLAST was privileged to be present at a spectacle with which no masculine eyes had ever previously been regaled,—namely, the annual Guy Fawkes party of U.C. ladies in the Triclinium. This riotous occasion is the one time in the year when the fems relax from their stern decorum—when grown-up babies act like ladies.

A fine line of damsels was present; they toiled not, but they certainly did spin in the giddy mazes of the Fawkes-trot, and as for costumes, even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. (Thank heavens!) Miss Georgina Haddow wore with great éclat a mourning gown of transparent green silk tulle; with her dainty feet encased in a pair of brogans. Miss Salome Gardiner caused a sensation with her daring creation in scrape de chine; her auburn locks were tastefully adorned with chaplets of spaghetti. Miss Kathleen Bell was attired in a blushing princess' slip with a bucket of cauliflowers and carrot sprigs in her corsage. Miss Patricia Wilson, the observed of all observers, was running amuck in a surcingle of wild oats. Miss Cecile Richardson, conspicuous in a magenta Jockey costume, also ran. Miss Wilhelmina Carment created a furore by appearing en déshabille. Miss Josephine J. Glass was arrayed in a magnificent bathing costume, with pink hoops and green pantalettes. Miss Helen G. Donley (description of this costume deleted by censor). Miss Alice L. Smoke wore a giddy cream of tartar effect sprinkled with meringue and dotted with cigar-store coupons. Miss Roberta D. Tannahill was buried beneath an avalanche of lingerie and things, and steeped to the eyebrows in Dewar's finest Scotch, the aroma of which soon pervaded the hall. Miss Annie W. Kennedy was all dolled up in an exquisite ensemble of smiles with gloves to match; she also wore a gorgeous necklace of pearls.

The attractions were many and all too varied. Misses Earlina Smith and Biggar, attired as Gold Dust twins, gave an exhibition of hygienic kissing as a fine art, with Miss Smith as the protasis and Miss Biggar as the apodosis. It was a very touching performance. Miss Donley with great success showed how to look pretty and simple at the same time. Miss R. G. Chambers, clad in a Buster Brown, danced an Irish jig so violently that she buster gown.

Refreshments were then served; as the catering was done by the Dining-Hall most of the girls had provided their own suppers. After the refreshments, which consisted for the most part of soda biscuits and York Springs water from the Dining Hall tap, Miss Roberta Tannahill sang a song with great effect, so that the gathering immediately dispersed.

It was at the early hour of 5 a.m. that the riot finally broke up, many caught cold on the way home; others got lost and have not been seen since.

GERTRUDE

Everybody knows the sprightly youth with the bow tie and the perfect accent, who stands serenely behind the desk in the Registrar's office dispensing academic misinformation to all and sundry who enquire. His years of sojourn beneath the old grey tower have made him an encyclopedia of useless erudition which he disseminates with the utmost prolixity and ravishing melody of voice. As the most engaging head-tones reverberate through the office, Gertrude is tapping a sonata on the desk with his beautiful tapering fingers. The damsels enter with a blush and seek Gertrude, for in him alone they repose their undivided confidence. No wonder, for who could resist such a tempting bundle of loveliness?

Alas! a change has come over this sapient madonna. Gone are the sweet and gentle strains of that euphonious voice,—for Gertrude has obtained his commission and is now a howling amazon. His mild and equable temperament, fostered by his long residence with the patron saint of University College, is to be metamorphosed into the rigid frigid spirit of the dauntless cavalier. Spurs, swagger-stick, sword, and all the grim accoutrements of war have replaced those spotless collars, which were the despair of every freshman; those models of sartorial excellence, his trousers, and—that immaculate bow tie.

But Gertrude will always remember that the prayers and good-wishes of all the Staff and female students of the University will speed him on his glorious career, which he will achieve, if anywhere, on the campus, before the fair portals of University College.

GENEALOGICAL GEOLOGY

"Elementary Geology Notes for Fools" (name suggested by Prof. Faker's Geometry for Fools), 2nd addition, revised and modernized by the W. D. Evans-smoke Co., the well known publishers of scientific text-books. Title very appropriate. Consists of notes on a series of fifty lectures delivered by the imminent geologists Profs. I. M. A. Talker and U. R. Larks, in their own diabolic manner. The notes for the most part are composed of the remarks of the aforementioned Professors, translated into modern English, together with some few of the authors' own. It will be clear to any reader, after a very superficial examination of the volume, that these remarks are necessarily few, these few being both superfluous and even blasphemous. The notes are copiously illustrated so as to be understood by nobody.

The topics dealt with are intensely interesting, for example, "Why is a rock?" "Who was Tertiary and when did he live?" etc. The evolution of the horse from the time it had five large toes, as we knew it when children, to its present form, the Ford, is traced with marvellous accuracy and is accompanied by illustrations of its fossil forms at different periods of its existence. The doctrine of Ichthyosaurus is compared with that of Epicurus in a very clever manner. Epicurus thought that pleasure was the chief end of life, while Ichthy. thought man was born for some higher purpose. His own ambition was to throw an egg into an electric fan and catch it on the rebound.

WE WISH HIM SUCCESS

Two Co-eds attempted to take a short cut thru Knox College the other day. Unfortunately the exit was locked, so they wandered around and finally lost themselves trying to get out. After frantically trying several doors in vain—one opened. It was a student's room. At his bedside kneeling on two pillows was the Rev. (to be) N. A. McMurray. Before him was an open book which he appeared to be reading with great attention. The co-eds, abashed at intruding on such devotional exercises—but still curious—peered over the unconscious divine's shoulder before beating a hasty retreat. The book was entitled—Points on Etiquette—How to propose.

For verification of this, apply to Miss M. H—, 1T6.

STARTLING REVELATIONS
RE FROSH ELECTIONSIncriminating Documents
Prove Bribery and Corruption

Rumours have been flying regarding the conduct of the recent Frosh elections. Charges and countercharges were rife; among others 'twas said that Mr. Cain the candidate for critic had spent fifty dollars in buying barley sticks and City Dairy milk for the infants at Queen's Hall; and that mere boys of the second and third years who had been given ballots because they looked as unsophisticated as the Frosh, had been waylaid by cunning candidates of the deadly species who had bought their votes with symbols of affection.

News of these dastardly deeds caused a sensation in the BLAST. Our detective department was informed, and a gang of our trained thugs and argus-eyed muck-rakers were turned loose. The results were appalling; not only were all the charges substantiated but a host of new ones were brought to light. The report discloses graft, bribery, and corruption, on a scale never before attempted in the history of the University. Among the more conspicuous of the poor boobies who planted their cards in undue prominence in the environs of the Main Building, was the treasurer, Mr. G. V. Laughton. Stuffing the ballot box is one of the least of the charges against him. Mike Healey, the judge, stole a march (and several votes) on his opponents, by bribing the returning officer.

But the laurel must be handed to President Brass, whose methods put Alderman Meredith and Col. Langton in the kindergarten class. They consisted in getting after the dames; he actually forced his objectionable presence on them, insulted them by calling them up, or indited to them colossally audacious documents as the following:

TO PERUNA

She was a bantam of affright,
When first her screams did rend the night,
A hellish apparition sent
To torture the Mock Parliament;
Her eyes are coals with hellish glare,
Like Hades, too, her dusty hair—
Her form, her face, would stop a clock,
Her features gave the folks a shock;
A speedy nymph, a fallen star,
To lure the Princ and Registrar.

A VORACIOUS CHRONICLE

Unofficial report. It is reported that H. Bacchus Proudlove broke all records of the Varsity dining hall recently when he demanded "a third".

W. Earle Smith was holding an animated conversation with his nearest and dearest. "Earle darling," she said "Nay, nay," he interrupted, "Call me Early, Mabel dear."

"SATAN AGONISTES" (Contd.)

ACT II.

Reggie Starr's Office.

1. "We Want Peruna banished"..... Chorus of Girls.
2. "Peruna"..... Male Chorus and Chorus of Girls.
3. "When we Came to College"..... Chorus of Girls.
4. "It's a Wrong Way"..... Male Chorus.
5. Combination Chorus.
6. "How can I bear"..... Talcum-Nearkist, Castoria Nestle and Chorus.
7. Finale.

ACT III.

The Undergraduates' Union.

1. "O Toronto"..... Chorus of Girls.
2. "O Peruna"..... Male Chorus.
3. "Take me just for what I am"..... Paul Maull.
4. Mandolin Specialty..... Percy Talcum-Nearkist.
5. "Hail, Hail"..... Satan, Peruna and Chorus of Imps.
6. "Down to Hades"..... Satan, Peruna, and Chorus of Imps.

Gowns by Daphne Dayze. Shoes by Vichy (kid). Electrical effects by Fyre and Brimstone. Fireworks by the Authorities (the day after.)

"God Save the King!"

We are informed by Mr. Corsan that Mr. L. L. Davidson of 1T7 has not yet made his annual attempt to commit suicide in the gymnasium tank. We have been given to understand that Mr. Davidson's desire to remain among us is due to the influence of Women. God bless them!

Will Vic men kindly tell us who the big stew is that referees and acts as line judge for their rugby team?

Toronto, Nov 16/12

Miss C. V. M.

I would draw your attention to the fact that I am running for President of Arts. 1T9. Your support at the election on Friday, Nov 17, would be very much appreciated by J. H. Starr

WOMEN IN THE UNIVERSITY

(A five-foot, stoop-shouldered, cadaverous, hook-nosed, splay-footed, mealy-mouthed Senior, who is an enthusiastic misogynist—unnecessary to tell you it's Tannahill we mean—stumbled into our office the other day, and handed us the following. We echo the sentiments contained therein, but disclaim all responsibility.—Ed BLAST.)

The modern era has brought us face-to-face with many pressing and consequential problems, but none more significant, more pregnant with perdition to the world at large, than feminism. The females of the race are revolting against the wonted domination of their male superiors; the dames are up in arms, but, unfortunately, not our arms. They have instituted campaigns, agitations, and anarchistic propaganda to obtain the franchise; they have declined with the quintessence of negation to confine their energies to the all-embracing requirements of our ménages; and, finally (horrible dictu) in the last few decades they have penetrated the esoteric arcana of our intellectual superiority; they have insinuated themselves by insurrectionary importunacy into those centres of light and liberty of the youthful male, the universities. The process has not resulted in edulcoration, but in animosity, acerbity, and complete estrangement. For, although the University, as an institute, welcomes them as a paying proposition, the students, as individuals, regard them for the most part as horrible examples of misdirected ambition.

We do not begrudge them their place in the class-rooms, however we may resent the insufferable complacency with which they parade about the halls; but they tend perceptibly to enfeeble the none-too-strong minds of the professors by making them cater to such childish intellects. We men have come to college with the strong and steady purpose of acquiring erudition; they have come to get a degree and to pass the intervening time in such frivolous pastimes as the Women's Lit, Prof. Coarse um's demonstrations, and Fusser de Champ's séances. Some go to Household Science and learn to concoct dietetic hallucinations that are both unpalatable and malnutritious; others offer themselves at the shrine of Modern Languages, for example, the forty queens in the fourth year, and learn to speak French that nobody can understand; the rest go through the general course and learn nothing at all. Such a non-productive aggregation serve only to litter up these sacred precincts with their obnoxious presence, to spread an atmosphere of torpor and inertia through the lecture-halls by taking voluminous notes and eternally asking ridiculous questions; and, finally, to dim the academic lustre of the University by their shallow superficiality and mediocre attainments. Ye gods!

Come, Eleutherian Jove, evinculate us! epanorthose our labant manhood! ex-carcerate us from this tenebrous omnium-gatherum, and eradicate all the infantile insipidities, the inane and vapid illogicality, and the effeminate valetudinarianism, by which we are overwhelmed and well-nigh flabbergasted.

Mr. Frank Flynn broke his 93rd heart at Columbus Hall Tuesday evening. The patient is recovering slowly.

BOOK REFUSE

TRASH OF THE SEASON
CUSSED AND DISCUSSED

"The Registrar, an Hysterical Chronicle," by R. J. Lowrie. The vocabulary of profanity is astounding. Even we had never used or heard some of the words.

"Freschettes I Have Met, or Suam Auisque Teneat," by J. Kingsburgh. The author clings to his subject with commendable faithfulness. It is understood that in collecting local color for this work, the author posed as a representative of the Y.M.C.A. interested in organizing co-educational Bible Study Groups.

"How to Speak in Public," by John Judah Glass. Wonderful advice given by the author in his famous and peculiar style. It is a collection of the most dazzling declamations ever uttered in human gutturals.

"How to Run a University," by Stirrett. The notorious young writer points out many defects in the present system and offers to remedy them if given absolute authority.

"Exercises for the Chest," by W. M. Hugill. This splendid little book tells how the author developed his chest and bust.

"Supplementals, or I'll Get You Yet," by W. M. Carment. In this book, "Ten-dollar Bill," as the registrar calls the author, shows his wide knowledge of his subject and proves satisfactorily that examiners can be fooled.

"Poetry," by L. J. Moore. "This modern Ars Poetica written in blank verse (the blankest we have ever read) is especially useful as a primer for children. It embodies in concrete form all possible mistakes in rhyme and metre which every poet should avoid"—Pres. Falconer.

"After a perusal of this volume the reader is sure to appreciate the next book he happens to pick up."—Teddy Roosevelt in the Lookout.

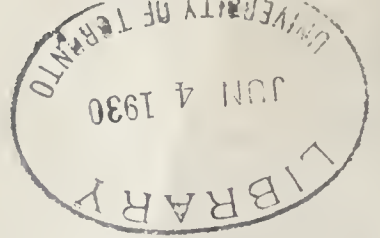
"Life of J. D. Pearlstein," by Gurofsky and Glass. This jewel composition illustrates the old proverb "asinus asinum fricat." It combines the most glaring defects of both authors.

"How to Run the Lit," by R. D. Tannahill. An exhausting effort; written from personal experience which every student should overlook. Shows how to run the Lit into unpopularity, debt, and disaster.

"The Dining Hall," published anonymously. This book, as might be expected, is full of cutting and biting remarks. It opens with a description of some of Miss Riley's savoury messes, and should, on that account, be very seasonable, if not one of the year's best smellers. When the author passes over to the meats, however, there is perhaps a little too much bull.

Frank Flynn's little trip down to the corner of King and Young the other night after receiving a mysterious telephone call at the North House is worthy of the appointment of a Royal Commission to investigate. . . . And such a pretty boy too!

Russel Wilhelm, 1T9, found collecting for the Red Cross—a very entertaining occupation; his report would be of great value and interest to the Vice Commission.



UN POO DE TOO

It is rumored that the staff are abandoning the Faculty Union as an eating-house. At any rate, a hot-dog man finds it profitable to vend his converted canines outside the faculty residence every day. Misfortune seems to be dogging the footsteps of the staff.

The Lit. is experiencing some difficulty in collecting from the various years the rental for the piano. Cheer up, Sam! As the poet says, "Man was born to hire things".

The class of 1T9 are considering an amendment to their unwritten constitution, to create the office of "Class Four-flusher". The unanimous choice for this desirable position on the Executive is "Cubby" Barlow. His qualifications are a patronizing air and three years' experience as a freshie.

At the dining-hall the other day we ran across a solitary raisin in the pudding. It was like an oasis in the dessert.

ROARING RIOT

Continued from page 1.

Awful Wily Kennedy, L.A.W.

Minister of Digests and Dry jests.

Givem Hell Code, C.O.U.R.T.

Almighty Ass Horton, K.A.I.S.E.R.

Member for Himself and Gott.

Rowdy Grabber Chambers, C.O.P.

Minister of Protection.

Just Engaged Sydie, G.A.L.T.

Member for Matrimony and Divorce.

Aerobatic Prohibitionist Wilson,

S.U.N.D.A.Y.

Delegate for Booze and Baseball.

No whispering will be aloud.

Advice to Freshmen

We must take off our hats to Dr. Johnston. He says so himself in his lectures to the frosh. This advice together with an expatiation upon his little Cherubs, Castor and Prolix, forms the basis of his lectures on Cicero. These two young imps, whose memory is the inexhaustible abomination of all the 1T9 Class, are 17 years old, and study 16 hours per diem between them. Of course their illustrious pa is justified in his constant references, because he has taught them all he knows. They expect to pass their Matric. next spring.

Dr. Johnston's nature is inherently philanthropic, and although he dotes on his enchanting progeny, his kindly nature yearns to see all young men learn to know them, and imitate them, and as first steps in this evolutionary movement he has formulated a code of moral principia for freshmen. The Cicero classes constantly resound with such lofty sentiments as: Don't become addicted to the vile weed. Don't attend rugby games. Cor recreation study Latin, a la Castor and Prolix. Don't disfigure your countenance with a disreputable pipe. Don't skip lectures. Go to war. (War is hell).

Doctor Johnston's completed drools for freshmen have now been printed, and are given free with every purchase of Woodbine cigarettes.

SINFUL SPECTACLE

Continued from page 1.

Too much cannot be written of the charms of the light-hearted and light-footed, not to say light-headed and light-fingered ladies of the chorus. They have especially powerful lungs, and when they sing the words, "Woe for men, and woe for women, woe for children, woe!" every donkey around the University stops and waits for further orders. The "Down in Hades" paroxysm is accompanied by weeping and gnashing and wailing of teeth.

Not the least of the many attractions which have been secured for the Mock Parliament by the untiring efforts of the committee is the world famous Satanic Somefunny Orchestra. This splendid aggregation of musical talent which is considered by competent critics to be the finest organization of its kind in the world will support the all star cast of singers. The music of this unique operetta is of a decidedly *fin de siècle*, *post-prandial* nature. In its weird diminished sevenths and barbaric fourth dimensions a trained musician may possibly detect the influence of Parchesi and even of Przemysli, but nevertheless, on the whole, the cacophony is startlingly original in character. An electrically erotic effect is produced in the second act by a sudden peal of dumb bells, followed by a rest of thirty-seven bars. The strain is then taken up by two Hoboes with the Spanish Catarrh, while the other members of the orchestra beat violently on their tum-tums. Another strain, which lingers long in the memory, occurs later where the solo is given by the Ford Hern, during which the rest of the musicians get up and walk out. We might also mention as worthy of special notice the bizarre concerted number for the Wind Pipe, Pulmonary Tubes, Digestive Organs, and Ear Drum. As an added entry, the base (vile) section of the orchestra was secured from the Humbug conservatory and is said to be exceptionally strong.

UNCLE WALT'S CORNER

"Cedant arnis togae!" so says every prof. What about the students? Where do they get off? Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, four to six o'clock, all the blooming freshmen strut around the block. All the blooming ossifers, who think they're just too sweet, drill the bally students off their bleedin' feet. Bow-legg'd, hamstrung, knock kneed, slipshod, stupid, gee! They'd drive a saint to liquor, this sloppy O.T.C. Behold the stout professors, fit subjects for our mirth, stump around in awkward squads, and lard the hungry earth. Company, advance! retire! form sections! by the right! Loike lighntnin' now! step smartly! and so on till the night. Thus the blighted bonchamps champ and rage and foam, and give the men the dickens until the cows come home. But hark! a welcome sound rings out; it is the beanery bell. The officers say company, shun! The men say——! (very well!)

They say that at last Bob Wilson has hit the Sawdust Trail. He may be seen at any hour of the day haunting the Union in search of converts. He has already landed "Tiny" Chambers and says that he will get Bill Carment before Xmas.

DEBUTANTES AND DOWAGERS AT OPENING BAWL

Yesterday's deception the piece de resistance, the status quo ante and the sine qua non of the year.

The first social junction of the season was pulled off yesterday evening in the Draughty Room behind Convocation Hall, when the delegates to the Peace Congress with their wives and children were on deck as guests of Mrs. Henry Ford. All the booty and the shivery of the world's capitals and of Richmond Hill were present, and all went merry as the beanery bell. The Draughty Room, which on this galey occasion certainly lived up to its name, was toothsome decorated with ferns and potted hams, while evergreens—(1T9)—adorned the walls. The Hall was charmingly lighted with star-shells and searchlights. Zeppelins hung in festoons from the rafters, to be punctured later in the evening by the gull allant officers of the C.O.T.C. with shots from their pea-shooters.

Mrs. E. L. Biggar (a bad egg) looked very chick in a shelly dress of white ground, adorned with a double yolk. The Kaiserin was not invited, but came anyway; she cut quite a dash in a crepe meteor costume with an overdress of black net, in which were cunningly caught cute little submarines. A stunning necklace of gas bombs encircled her jugular.

Mrs. J. D. Pearlstein was fashionably attired in purple gabardine, trimmed with Irish confetti. Mrs. H. B. Ganton was charming in an Orange Ulster, her coiffure of shrapnel puffs was set off by bomb pendants. In a ravishing gown of green creme de menthe, trimmed with cerise, the motif being further carried out by a spray of cherry blossoms from her scarlet hose, Mrs. A. W. Kennedy looked like a vision from a nether world. Mrs. F. J. Flynn looked equally well in emerald green silk, wearing a necklace of sham rocks. The darn-near cry was sounded by Mrs. R. B. Pritchard in a black and blue confection with blucher dancing boots. Others present included Mrs. Givem Hell Code, clad in white samite, mystic, wonderful; Mrs. A. P. Wilson, who created a splurge in a loud crash effect; Mrs. J. J. Glass in a Bulgarian atrocity trimmed with Turkey red; little Miss R. G. Chambers in a modish a la carte pattern; and Mrs. J. E. Sydie in a tempting robe de nuit.

The floor was smooth, and so were some of the dames on it; the music was simply excruciating, and the refreshments altogether "non est inventus", so that a pleasant evening was passed up by all. The gathering dispersed after singing heartily, "God Help the Kaiser".

Impressionistic picture of the workings of J. J. Glass' mind. Drawn by our own artist.

Mr. Eric Stewart fell off a car the other night and fractured his hand. Another argument for Billy Sunday.

OUR WHAT D'YE COLUMN

R. G. Chambers—Short and sweet.

Prof. McLennan—Egoⁿ.

Drummond—A dam nut.

Bill Carment—(Going to the war)

Adieu Wine, Woman, and Song.

J. J. Glass—Nemo domi.

L. C. R. Batten—άπαξ λεγόμενον.

F. C. A. Jeanneret—Fatty de Jeanneret.

W. P. Harvie—Adonis (Hed-rub).

H. G. Donley—Julian Eltinge.

"Young Solomon Came Out of the East"

— A FABLE —

Once there dwelt in the city of Pembroke a Wise Guy whose name was Deacon. Handsome was he in the mirror of his own heart—yea even as the Gods themselves. And it came to pass that in year of the Great War, journeyed he far from the City Walls and came unto the land called Varsity. And behold in his search for knowledge—he drifted into the Rut and took Biology.

And it came to pass before the lecture was yet over that he espied a Damsel who indeed was exceeding fair—yea even had many Cavaliers striven for her favor. And behold his heart was stricken—for the love of her. Every lecture became to him a Paradise—that he might sit and w rship, smile and love.

And a short time after it came to pass that having risen early in the morning he hurried unto his Temple to obtain a seat of vantage—near his Love. And behold when the hour was come and the Simple Maidens warbled in—tore he his hair and gnashed he his teeth—for She was not among them. But the Youth was wise, yea even as a serpent he was deep in Wisdom and he bided his Time.

And even as he had foreseen was it so. And it came to pass a few days after that he looked upon the Damsel and he looked away—and his Cheek rivalled her own—yea it glowed even as the Heart of a Rose or the Sky when the Day is near or a Lobster when it kicketh in the Boiling Pot.

And the Damsel observed this and took counsel with herself saying—"Lo what manner of man is this? He is abashed in my presence—yea even does he become exceeding meek—that butter will not melt in his mouth. So must I be careful not to lead him astray".

And behold—no longer made she Soft Eyes at him veiling them with Demure Lashes—for her heart was cold. And it came to pass that the Fresh Guy—wondering of the change—sent messengers even unto her Abode, Also summoned he the telephone to his aid—but all to no avail,—for she avoided him and tarried afar off.

But the Wise Guy and "His Goat" were sorely touched—yea even as the Chicken got the Ax. And when his friends gathered together to Kid him—gave he up the Ghost.

And it came to pass that the next morning when the Czar of the college opened his office—was he first at the door. And he got his Enrolment Card and blurred out Biology forever from its glossy surface—and with tears in his Face underlined Physics instead.